by ERIC POWELL
THE GOON
#40
DARK HORSE COMICS

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear…

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

editor Scott Allie **assistant editor Daniel Chabon** **designer Amy Arendts**
publisher Mike Richardson

SINCE 1999

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

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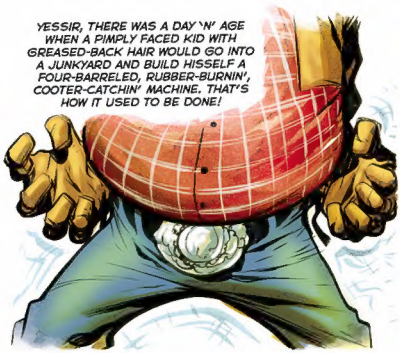
YOU KNOW, THERE WAS A TIME IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA WHEN AMERICAN CRAFTSMANSHIP MEANT SOMETHING IN AMERICA.
I'M TALKING ABOUT THE DISPOSABLE SOCIETY, FOLKS, AND WE'RE ALL GOING TO HELL BECAUSE YOU WANT CHEAP CRAP!
YEP, THOSE WERE THE GOOD OL' DAYS. BEFORE YOU HAD ALL YOUR NEWFANGLED BRAINPHONES AND IBOTS. WHEN TORLETS WERE MADE OF REAL AMERICAN PORCELAIN AND CARS WERE MADE OUT OF REAL AMERICAN STEEL INSTEAD OF YOUR INFERIOR, GREMLIN-PRODUCED, JAPANESE PLASTICS.
YEP, ONCE UPON A TIME, WHEN A MAN BOUGHT AN AUTOMOBILE, HE KNEW HOW TO FIX IT HIS OWN SELF. NOWADAYS YOU JUST DRIVE IT TILL THE PLASTIC MELTS AND THE STICKERS PEEL OFF, AND YOU TRADE IT IN FOR THE NEXT MODEL MADE OUTTA RECYCLED SODI-POP BOTTLES.


YESSIR, THERE WAS A DAY 'N' AGE WHEN A PIMPLY FACED KID WITH GREASED-BACK HAIR WOULD GO INTO A JUNKYARD AND BUILD HISSELF A FOUR-BARRELED, RUBBER-BURNIN', COOTER-CATCHIN' MACHINE. THAT'S HOW IT USED TO BE DONE!

BUT NOWADAYS, ALL A MAN-CHILD'S GOTTA DO TO GET LAID IS WEAR A PAIR OF SKINNY JEANS AND GET A WOMAN'S HAIRCUT!
THAT AIN'T MY AMERICA!

WHAT'S MORE AMERICAN, I ASK YOU? LOSING YOUR VIRGINITY IN THE RUMBLE SEAT OF YOUR HAND-BUILT LEAD SLED, OR LAID UP ON SOME GLUPTAA COUCH YOU BOUGHT AT IKEA WITH THE MONEY YOU MADE SERVING LATTES TO THE SCARF WEARERS?!

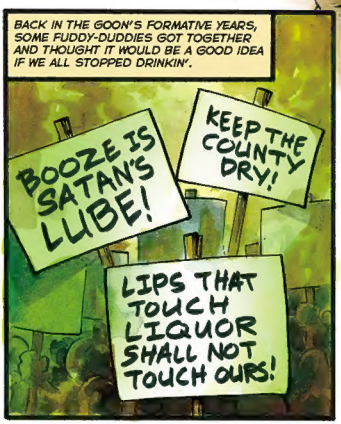
APPLE PIE UP YOUR ASSS IN THE AMERICAN WAAAY!

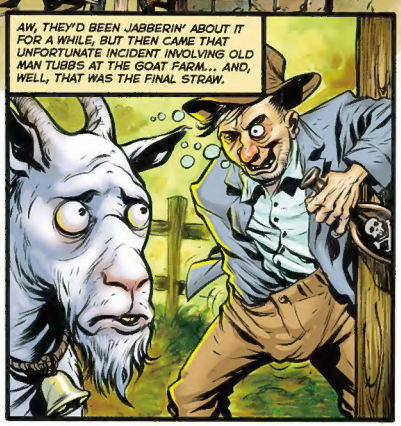
DOOP-DOOP-DOO-PADA-DOO!
MMMMM-BACON!

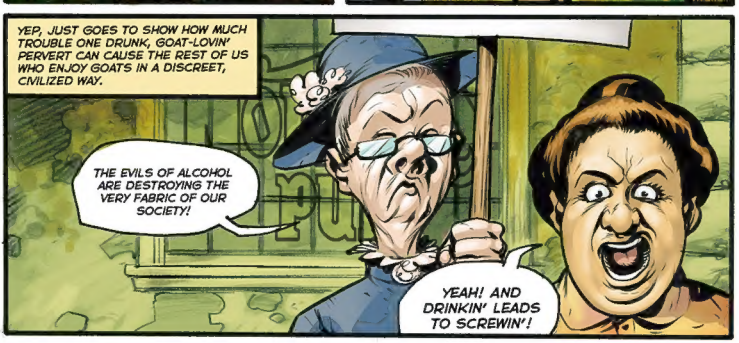
ANYWAY, HERE'S A STORY ABOUT HOT RODS AND PROHIBITION.

CHAPTER 1:

Prohibition, or The End of Sexy Times







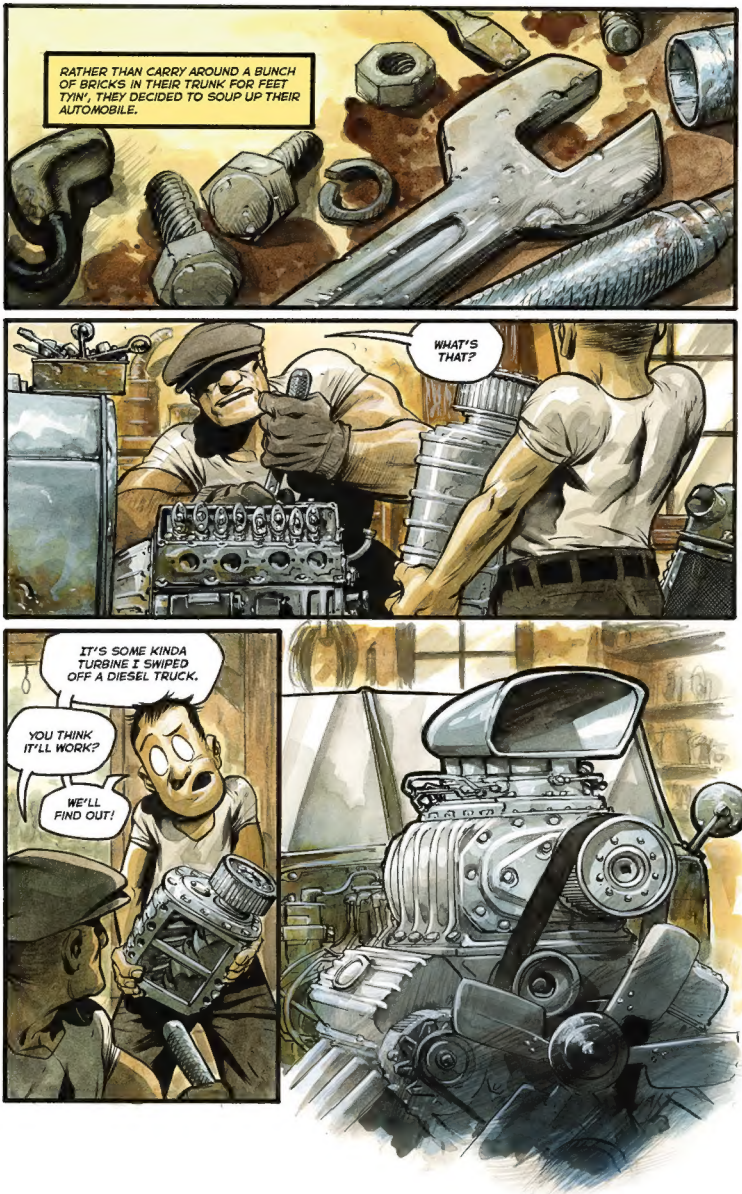
NOW I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEM OLD LADIES HAD AGAINST SEXY TIMES, DANGLIN' YOUR NOODLE, DIPPIN' YOUR PICKLE, TAKIN' THE SKIN BOAT TO TUNA TOWN, AND SO ON AND SO FORTH, BUT THEY SURE WERE AG'IN' IT.
AND IT SURE DID MAKE FOR SOME TOUGH TIMES FOR HOOCH PEDDLERS.
NORTON'S SCENTED CANDLE SHOPPE
BUT THEM BOYS MADE DO.
WE HEAR YOU BEEN SELLIN' BOOZE, NORTON.
NO, OFFICER. I'M IN THE CANDLE BUSINESS NOW. CAN I INTEREST YOU IN OUR NEWEST SCENT, APPLE BERRY CRISP?
AN' 'AT WASSA BEST CANDLE I EVER SMELLED. I COULD SMELL 'AT CANDLE ALL DAY.
I HAD FIVE O' THEM CANDLES MAHSELF.

AND GOON, ALREADY CROOKED AS A COUNTRY ROAD BY HIS TEENAGE YEARS, SET OUT TO MAKE HIMSELF A DIME SELLIN' ILLEGAL MOONSHINE.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MAKIN' BOOZE?
NOTHIN'! NOW SHUT UP AND POUR SOME MORE KEROSENE IN THERE!

Putt! Putt! Putt!
YEAH, THE GOON AND FRANKY WERE RUNNIN' HOOCH ALL OVER TOWN. THAT IS, UNTIL THEY REALIZED THEIR JALOPY WASN'T UP TO SNUFF WHEN THEY GOT PULLED OVER BY A COP ON A BICYCLE.

PULL OVER! WHAT'S IN THOSE BARRELS?
UHHHHH... SOCKS.

UNFORTUNATELY, GOON HAD TO TIE SOME BRICKS TO THAT MAN'S FEET AND THROW HIM IN THE LAKE. IT'S ALL RIGHT, THOUGH. THAT DUDE WAS UNKIND TO HIS MOMMA AND ONLY GOT WHAT WAS COMIN' TO HIM.


RATHER THAN CARRY AROUND A BUNCH OF BRICKS IN THEIR TRUNK FOR FEET TYIN', THEY DECIDED TO SOUP UP THEIR AUTOMOBILE.
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S SOME KINDA TURBINE I SWIPED OFF A DIESEL TRUCK.
YOU THINK IT'LL WORK?
WE'LL FIND OUT!

JUST SOME MEAN OL' BOYS, NEVER HAVIN' NO CHARM, BEAT ON EVERYTHING THEY SAW, MAKIN' TROUBLE FOR SLACK JAWS SINCE THE DAY THEY WAS TWO.
ACTIN' LIKE PERVS, FIGHTIN' FOR PILLS. COCA-COLA WON'T REMOVE A NEW TATTOO BUT TURPENTINE WILL.
MAKIN' THEIR PAY, SELLIN' BATHTUB GIN TO BUY A SNOWPLOW, IF YOU GOT A BETTER IDEA I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW?
XXX
JUST MEAN OL' BOYS, BOATS ARE MADE OUT OF WOOD, IF YOU AIN'T SEEN THE NEW PLANET OF THE APES MOVIE, I THINK YOU SHOULD.
YEEE-HAWWW!!

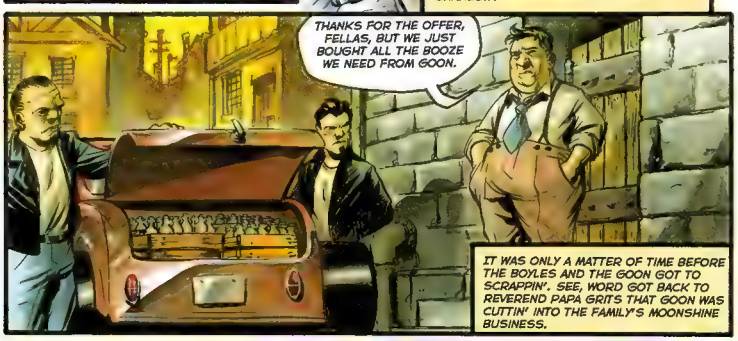
CHAPTER 2:
THE DEVIL'S DRAG RACE
FROM THEN ON, NOTHIN' ON FOUR WHEELS COULD CATCH GOON AND FRANKY. AND THEY WERE THE SAVIORS OF ALL WHO WANTED TO GET SLOSHED.
THEY MAY TAKE YOUR FINE, OAK-AGED SIPPIN' WHISKEYS, BUT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE THE [illegible] I MADE IN MY BATHTUB!

AND IT WASN'T JUST GOON AND FRANKY MAKIN' A LIVIN' OFF BURNING THE INTESTINAL TRACTS OF WINOS WITH HOMEMADE HAPPY SAUCE. NOPE, THEY HAD SOME COMPETITION IN THE FORM OF THE BOYLE FAMILY.
YEP, YOU'D NEVER WANNA MEET A MORE LOW-DOWN BUNCH OF SNAKE-HANDLIN' WHITE TRASH AS THE BOYLES.

THE PATRIARCH WAS THE REVEREND PAPA GRITS BOYLE. REVEREND OF WHAT, NO ONE KNOWS. BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF THAT OLD HOOCH MAKER, I'D SAY IT WAS MEANNESS.

HIS OLDEST BOY, RANDALL, WAS A HOT-RODDIN' FOOL AND PARTIAL TO HIS DADDY'S "RECIPE." IT WAS ON ACCOUNT OF THAT COMBINATION WHAT LAID HIM UP SEVERAL TIMES.
BUT HIS DADDY, USIN' SOME BACK-HILLS WITCHERY, HEALED HIM UP BY DANCING AROUND HIM IN CONNIPTIONS WHILE HANDLING A FISTFUL OF COPPERHEADS.

RANDALL'S BROTHER, MOON PIE, WAS BEST KNOWN FOR STICKIN' HIS KINDERGARTEN TEACHER WITH A SWITCHBLADE KNIFE. WHEN ASKED WHY, HE REPLIED, "SHE ASKED ME IF I KNEW THE COLOR RED. AND I DID."
RED
MISSING
SNAKE BIT
AND THEIR SISTER, SNAKEBITE VERNA, GOT HER NAME BECAUSE... WELL, YOU KNOW... THEIR PAPPY HAD A LOT OF SNAKES ABOUT.
SOME SAY MOON PIE HAS SEVEN ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN. OTHERS SAY HE CAN NEVER HAVE KIDS DUE TO HIS TESTICLES GETTING MUTILATED WHEN HE TREATED A SNAPPING TURTLE INDECENTLY DURING THE MIDST OF A GASOLINE-HUFFING FUGUE. NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE EXCEPT THE LOCAL LADIES OF LOW CHARACTER.
SOME SAY IT'S THAT SNAKE VENOM RUNNIN' THROUGH HER BLOOD THAT MAKES HER THE MEANEST, MOST ORNERY GAL YOU EVER DID SEE. RUMOR HAS IT THAT VERNA DOES AWAY WITH HER MEN AFTER COPULATION LIKE THE BLACK-WIDOW SPIDER. SO IF A FELLA IN THESE PARTS GOES MISSING, LOCALS MIGHT REFER TO HIM AS BEING SNAKEBIT.

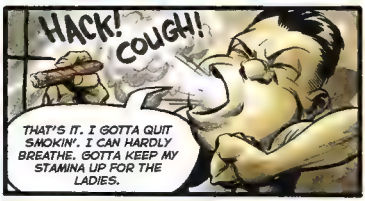

THANKS FOR THE OFFER, FELLAS, BUT WE JUST BOUGHT ALL THE BOOZE WE NEED FROM GOON.
IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE BOYLES AND THE GOON GOT TO SCRAPPIN'. SEE, WORD GOT BACK TO REVEREND PAPA GRITS THAT GOON WAS CUTTIN' INTO THE FAMILY'S MOONSHINE BUSINESS.

AND RANDALL, HAVING PRIDE IN HIS MECHANICAL SKILLS, TOOK IT PERSONAL WHEN FOLKS SPOKE OF THE PROWESS OF GOON'S MACHINE.
YEAH, YOUR HEAP IS FAST, BUT THAT GOON'S GOT THE FASTEST SET OF WHEELS AROUND.
WELL, THAT DIDN'T SIT TOO WELL WITH THE BOYLE CLAN.
SCOOP-DOOP SNAKE HANDLIN' COUNTRY BOY MOONSHINE WAR! U-S-OF-A!

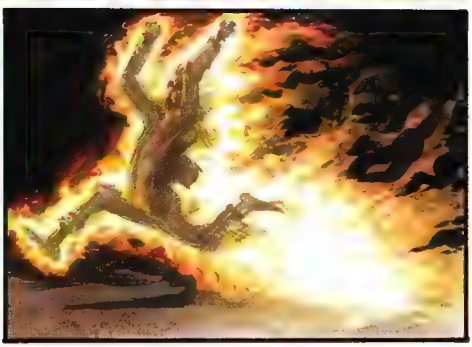
FIRST OFF, PAPA GRITS SICCED HIS FEMININE CHILD ON THE GOON.
YOU BETTER CALL ME TOMORROW! WHATTA YA THINK I AM, A FLOOZY?!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR VERNA, HER USUAL MODUS OPERANDI DIDN'T TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE GOON'S THICKER THAN NORMAL HIDE.
STAY THE HELL AWAY FROM ME, YOU DITSY DAME!

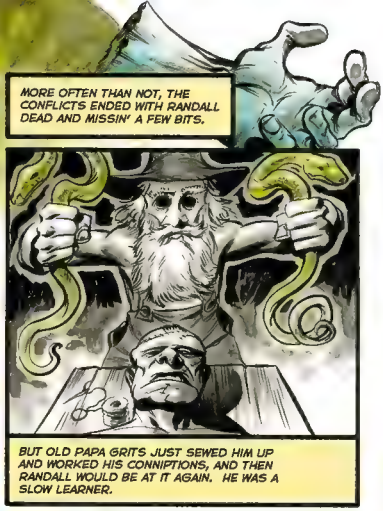
THEN OLD MOON PIE DECIDED TO EXPAND HIS HORIZONS AND GIVE ARSON A WHIRL.
I'LL MAKE A GASOLINE TRAIL RIGHT UP TO THEIR DOOR!

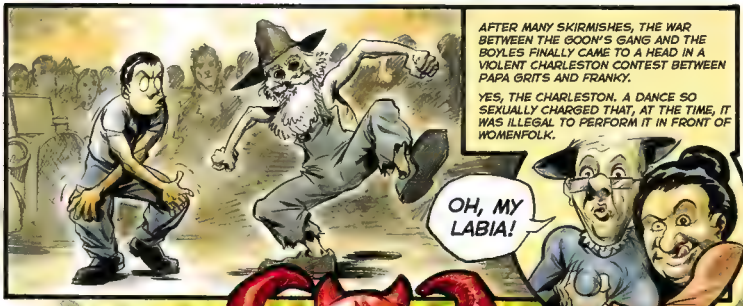

HACK!
COUGH!
THAT'S IT. I GOTTA QUIT SMOKIN'. I CAN HARDLY BREATHE. GOTTA KEEP MY STAMINA UP FOR THE LADIES.

UNFORTUNATELY HE PICKED THE SAME DAY FRANKY MADE UP HIS MIND TO KICK HIS SMOKIN' HABIT.



AND NEEDLESS TO SAY, GOON AND RANDALL GOT INTO IT LIKE A COUPLE OF JUNKYARD DOGS FIGHTIN' OVER A HAM BONE.

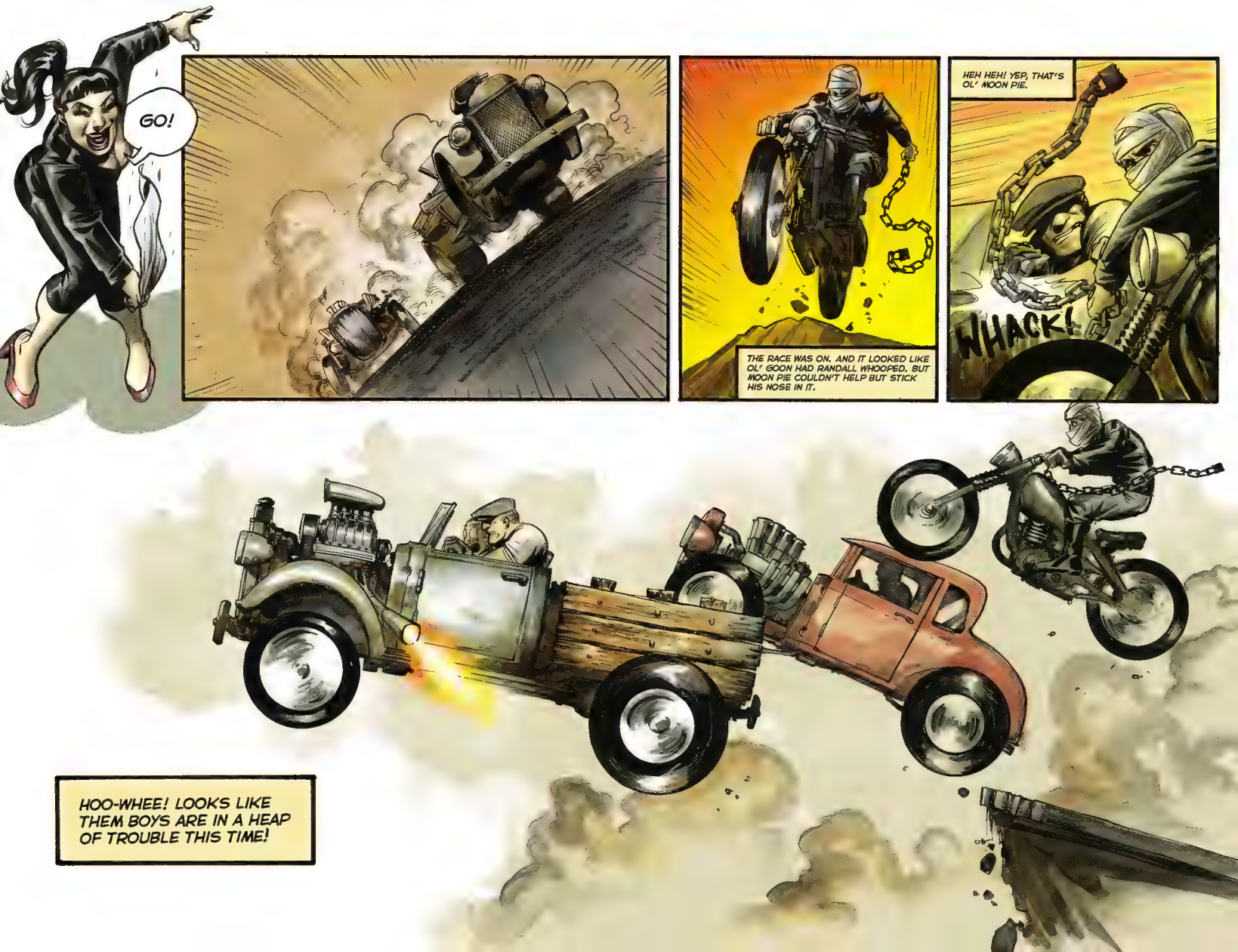

MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THE CONFLICTS ENDED WITH RANDALL DEAD AND MISSIN' A FEW BITS.
BUT OLD PAPA GRITS JUST SEWED HIM UP AND WORKED HIS CONNIPTIONS, AND THEN RANDALL WOULD BE AT IT AGAIN. HE WAS A SLOW LEARNER.


AFTER MANY SKIRMISHES, THE WAR BETWEEN THE GOON'S GANG AND THE BOYLES FINALLY CAME TO A HEAD IN A VIOLENT CHARLESTON CONTEST BETWEEN PAPA GRITS AND FRANKY.
YES, THE CHARLESTON. A DANCE SO SEXUALLY CHARGED THAT, AT THE TIME, IT WAS ILLEGAL TO PERFORM IT IN FRONT OF WOMENFOLK.
OH, MY LABIA!

DIDST THOU NOT EXPECT THAT I, THE FALLEN ONE, WOULD BE SUMMONED FORTH WHEN THOU DOST DANCE THE FORBIDDEN CHARLESTON, THE MOST EROTIC OF DANCES?!
BUT THEIR PROVOCATIVE DANCING SOON EVOKED THE DEVIL, WHO RECKONED HE'D BEEN CHEATED BY THE BOYLES QUITE ENOUGH.

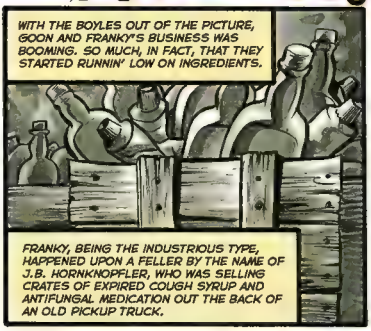
THOU, OF THE FAMILY BOYLE, HATH ESCAPED MINE FIERY INFERNO AND THE DEVICES OF MINE HELLISH IMPS FOR THE LAST TIME! NO LONGER WILST THINE HILLBILLY SNAKE HANDLINGS PROCURE THINE SAFETY!
AND YOU!
I KNOWEST NOT WHERE TO EVEN BEGIN!
SINCE THOU ART ALL WORTHY OF ETERNAL DAMNATION, THINE FATES SHALT BE DECIDED WITH A MOST UNHOLY DRAG RACE UPON YON BLACKTOP HIGHWAY! AND WHOSOEVER HATH THE LESS BITCHING ROD SHALL BE DRAGGED DOWN INTO THE EVERLASTING TORMENTS OF HELL!
DEVIL HAD A DRAG RACE/GO, BOYS, GO!
DOOP-A-DOOP-DOOP
GRANNY'S IN THE KITCHEN KNEADIN' BISCUIT DOUGH/DOOP-A-DOOP-DOOP
FRANKY LIKES BIG BUTTS/HE CANNOT LIE!/DOOP-A-DOOP-DOOP
PEDAL TO THE METAL, BOYS/OR YOU'RE GONNA FRY/DOOP-A-DOOP-DOOP

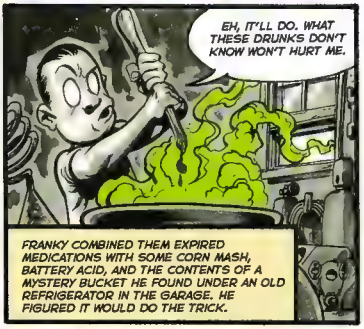
GOOD LUCK, GOON. I HOPE YOU'RE NOT DISTRACTED BY MY BUSTY BREASTS.
STAY FOCUSED, GOON! DON'T BE THINKIN' ABOUT THEM BOOBS!
DON'T WORRY. I'VE SEEN 'EM. THEM THINGS IS POINTIN' NORTH BY SOUTHEAST, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
I GET YA. SHE'S LIKE SOCKS ON CHRISTMAS. LOOKS A LOT BETTER BEFORE YOU UNWRAP IT.
READY!
STEADY!

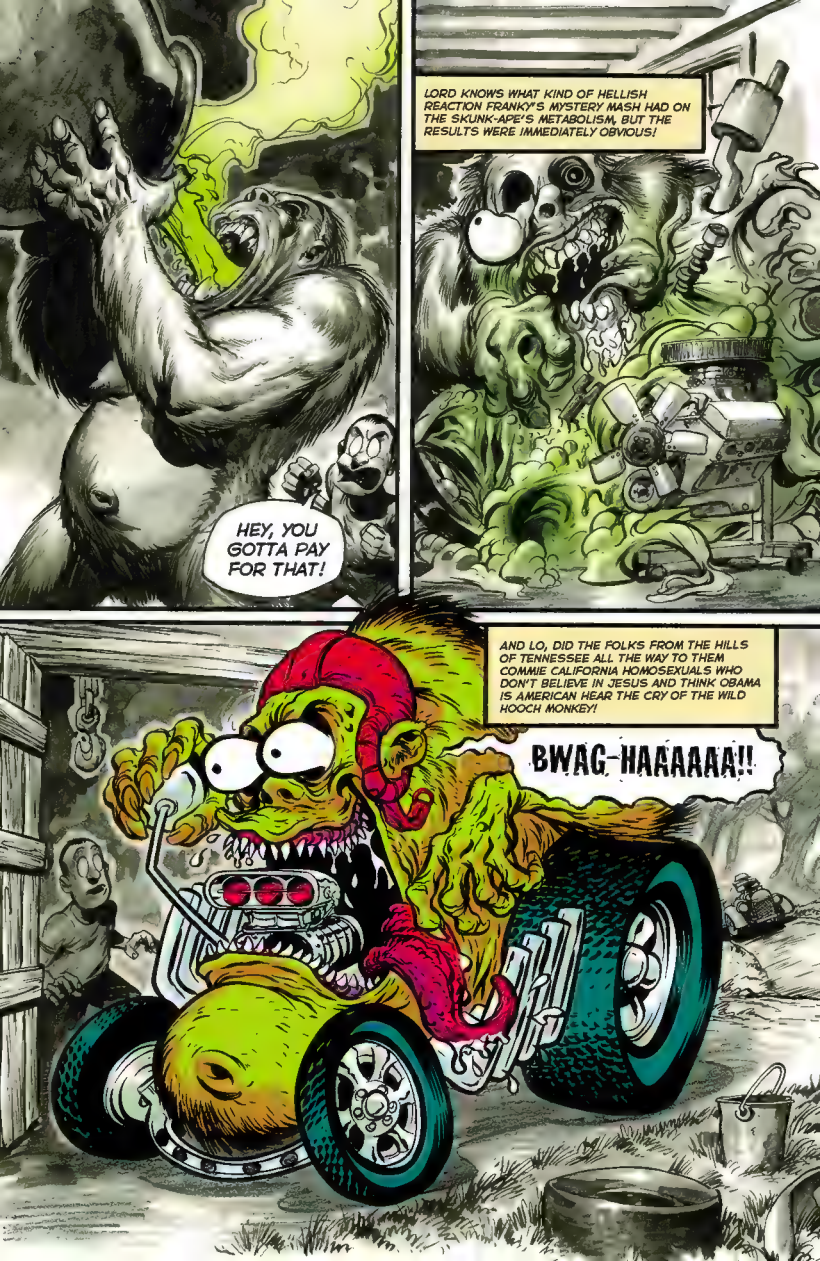

GO!
THE RACE WAS ON. AND IT LOOKED LIKE OL' GOON HAD RANDALL WHOOPED. BUT MOON PIE COULDN'T HELP BUT STICK HIS NOSE IN IT.
HEH HEH! YEP, THAT'S OL' MOON PIE.
WHACK!
HOO-WHEE! LOOKS LIKE THEM BOYS ARE IN A HEAP OF TROUBLE THIS TIME!

BOOM!
NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE GOON WON THAT THERE RACE. AND THE DEVIL MADE GOOD ON HIS WORD, DRAGGING ALL THEM BOYLES OFF TO HELL.
BWA-HA-HA-HA!
TURNS OUT, HELL'S A PLACE WHERE PAPA GRITS'S HILLBILLY MAGIC, RANDALL'S DRUNKEN TENACITY, MOON PIE'S REMAINING MANHOOD, AND VERNA'S CROOKED RACK DID THEM NO GOOD.

CHAPTER 3: THE HOOCH MONKEY






HEY, YOU GOTTA PAY FOR THAT!
LORD KNOWS WHAT KIND OF HELLISH REACTION FRANKY'S MYSTERY MASH HAD ON THE SKUNK-APE'S METABOLISM, BUT THE RESULTS WERE IMMEDIATELY OBVIOUS!
AND LO, DID THE FOLKS FROM THE HILLS OF TENNESSEE ALL THE WAY TO THEM COMMIE CALIFORNIA HOMOSEXUALS WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN JESUS AND THINK OBAMA IS AMERICAN HEAR THE CRY OF THE WILD HOOCH MONKEY!
BWAG-HAAAAAA!!

THAT HOOCH MONKEY DRANK ALL OUR BATHTUB GIN!
AHK! AHK! AHK!

NO ONE KNOWS WHO WON THE RACE BETWEEN GOON AND THE HOOCH MONKEY ON THAT HAUNTED DIRT ROAD. MAYBE BECAUSE NO ONE WAS MEANT TO SEE IT. MAYBE IT WAS JUST MAN VERSUS NATURE. NATURE VERSUS MAN. MAN VERSUS MONKEY. MONKEY VERSUS BATHTUB COUGH-SYRUP HOOCH. THE WAY IT WAS MEANT TO BE.

BUT SOME SAY, ON A CLEAR NIGHT, WHEN YOU'RE DRIVING A LONESOME STRETCH OF HIGHWAY, YOU CAN STILL HEAR THAT OL' HOOCH MONKEY HOWLING. AND YOU KNOW THAT FREEDOM IS MORE THAN JUST AN ABSTRACT CONCEPT. IT'S A GIANT HOT-ROD APE WILLING TO RUN YOU DOWN FOR A FISTFUL OF METHAMPHETAMINES. LET THE MIGHTY EAGLE SOAR, AMERICA.
AAHOOOL
WELL, FOLKS. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE HISTORIC FIVE-DAY PROHIBITION.
YEP, IT ONLY TOOK FIVE DAYS FOR THE DRUNKARD POPULACE OF THIS TOWN TO RISE UP AS ONE AND SET FIRE TO CITY HALL. AND IT WAS THEN THAT THE GUV'MENT FIGURED OUT THAT THE TOWN'S ENTIRE ECONOMIC STRUCTURE WAS BASED ON ALCOHOL.
IT ALSO DIDN'T HELP THAT ONE OF THE FUDDY-DUDDIES GOT CAUGHT PLAYING THE PART OF A DOUBLE-ENDED PIPE WITH TWO MEXICAN BOYS NAMED PANCHO AND SANCHEZ.
PROHIBITIONIST SEX SCANDAL
SEXY TIMES WERE HERE AGAIN.

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NEXT ISSUE!

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in the first of a series of three backups written by Eric Powell.

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